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may be, Myers as an artist is nothing better nor worse than a humanist and a realist. And he is nothing better nor worse as a man—the man and the artist are as they should be inseparable. The charge of socialism naturally is derived from the idea that Myers is preaching the propriety, nay, the necessity, of helping the poor to a better existence by a more equal division of the spoils, by painting their misery, their abjectness, the squalid dejection of their present state and thus moving sympathy.

As a matter of fact Myers, more than, I am sure, a very great many of us, believes that the poor are very well as they are, that the East Side is very well as it is. He is not in sympathy with the work of the rich invaders of it who judge from their own standards, nor yet with that association whose representatives are stationed at public playgrounds there to teach children how to become rid of superfluous energy, how to play, that is, by forcing upon them constraint in the form of rules and regulations, set laws by which to fetter youthful impulse. He understands the people, has lived with them, been happy or sorrowful with them. His pictures show that the balance of joy and distress is as evenly kept there as it is elsewhere.

He paints a Recreation Pier and a bread line, a concert at the Mall in Central Park, a Mission Tent in the heart of the Ghetto, a playground surrounded by iron fences and containing formal buildings, a street in which the houses are aged, wrinkled, characterful, sincere as their occupants; he paints children dancing with graceful natural gestures to the tune of a street organ, and their parents asleep on a pier at night, exhausted but at last joyfully breathing that fresh air that after all is free to everyone.

To the East Side he is a familiar figure, sketch book ever prominent, noting down intimate aspects of the people, appreciative impressions quickly seen, quickly drawn, succinctly expressed.

His drawings are to be numbered among the richest of the time, rich in

impression and expression, in those tell-tale details, puny, worthless, to the man who has made of breadth in treatment a technical formula with which life, despite its persistent arrogance may not interfere and yet so important to the real observer.

The other extreme from the drawing of Myers is the decorative line of Aubrey Beardsley. The Englishman gathered abstract theories from nature and created out of them an expression in which one feels that grace and originality were not only sought but insisted upon. The originality of Myers is spontaneous, it is born of his love of truth and of his overwhelming desire to reproduce sincerely without fanfare, without too much rhetoric, the ideas that nature conveys to him. His line, like the line in Rembrandt's etchings, is never hard, never superfluous and always intimate—a line at once sensitive and appreciative. Also it is, at times, timid and always reverential—the line of the humble man, the appreciator, to whom the cocksureness of this period in which, fitted or unfitted for it, everyone is rushing, pell mell, into an expression of opinion, must be exceedingly distasteful.

## FRENCH ART IN AMERICA

The Museum of French Art, under the direction of the French Institute in the United States, will hold in January an exhibition of French laces, ancient and modern, as well as an exhibition of Beauvais tapestries, arranged through the assistance of the French Government, in its galleries, 400 Madison Avenue, New York.

During the month of February an exhibition of the works of French painters, which is to be made an annual event, will be held in connection with an exhibition of modern French architectural works arranged by the Société des Architectes Diplômés par le Gouvernement.

In March there will be an annual exhibition of the works of the members of the museum.